The Taney County Republican.

W. H. PRICE, Publisher.

FORSYTH, : : MISSOURI.

The Love of Sun Fire

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

WAH-NE-OTA, the Indians called her over at the reservation, Fire of the Sun. Up at the fort, we cut it short to Sun Fire. She was different from the other Indian girls who came to stare and barter baskets and bead work. Her mother was a French half-breed, and Sun Fire was brought up at the mission school of Our Lady of Sorrows, over beyond Great Spirit lake. When she came back she wore her glossy hair in one long braid instead of the typical two, and sat her pony with the easy grace of a cowboy.

The first time she rode to the fort with old Red Buck, her father, Ainslee stopped his talk up on Burton's piazza to watch her. Red Buck came twice a week to trade and confer with Tapley, the Indian agent. If there was any private understanding between the two, they kept it to themselves, and so long as the Indians made no complaints the colonel did not interfere.

As she rode past the piazza later on her way out Ainslee sauntered down and spoke to Red Buck. He also raised his hat, and Red Buck grinned pleasantly at the unusual salutation and said something to the girl as they rode out of the fort inclosure. She nodded and looked back over her shoulder. That was the dash of French blood in her. Ainslee smiled and raised his hat again.

Sometimes in the long June days that followed we saw them ride away together before Red Buck had finished his trading. There were trips to the reservation and northeast to the old pipestone quarries that reared red bluffs here and there along the dry bed of Skull creek. Ainslee said he was collecting notes and data on geological phenomena.

The middle of June Estelle Howard came to the fort. She was on her way east from Oregon and stopped to visit her sister, Capt. Burton's pretty bride. It hardly seemed fair to the other boys when Ainslee sailed ahead with flying colors in the new quarter and gave no one else a show, but she liked him and his interest in geological data went down to zero.

It was interesting the first time Sun Fire saw them together. Ainslee had always met her lately when she visited the fort, and had stood beside her pony talking, while Red Buck went to see the agent. As she rode up the drive she saw him on the Burton piazza, twirling a blue silk parasol idly over his head and laughing up at a figure in the hammock.

The next day Red Buck appeared and held a private interview with Ainslee that left the latter flushed and angry.

By the first of July things were serious. Ainslee was overboard and drifting. Every evening found him on the Burton veranda, and at sundown he rode with Miss Howard. Sun Fire came no more to the fort, and Ainslee did not bother to raise his hat to Red Buck when the old Indian went to Tapley's alone.

The Fourth dawned a scorcher. For miles around the prairie lay, hot and blasted by the long drought. The heat seemed to rise from the tall, scorched grass in quivering waves, and the colonel had issued orders that no fireworks were to set off.

"A spark would set the grass going," he told Burton. "There is no wind, but it's too great a risk to run."

So, with the exception of flags drooping in the still, hot air, and bunting twined around the piazzas of the officers' quarters, there were no outward signs of celebration. A dance had been planned for the evening in Miss Howard's honor, as she was to leave for the east in a day or so.

At sundown Trent, the sentinel on duty, was startled by the sudden appearance of Sun Fire. Her pony was panting heavily and wet with perspiration.

"I want Ainslee," she said, shortly.

Trent told her he was out riding. She flicked the pony's side impatiently with her quirt and it started to dance resentfully. She jerked it to a standstill with a pull that left a stain of red on the bit foam and turned around.

"Which way did he go?"

Towards the pipestone quarries, Trent thought. He wanted to show them to Miss Howard.

"He will marry her, yes?" The girl glanced at him stealthily from under her lashes.

"Looks that way," said Trent, carelessly, but the look in her eyes bothered him and he watched until the pony was a mere dust speck on the prairie and wondered what mischief the half-breed was up to.

Ainslee and Estelle rode leisurely on. It was after sundown when the dried up creek and long line of dark red bluffs came in view. They looked like jasper in the ruddy light of the afterglow.

A light, fresh breeze had sprung up from the southeast with the setting of the sun. Before they had ridden two miles the horses began to act restive, and Ainslee's glance was fixed ahead on a low, pale vapor that seemed to rise like mist out on the prairie between them and the fort. He said nothing to alarm her, and they rode faster as the twilight closed in. Suddenly Estelle drew rein.

"There is a fire somewhere," she said. "Don't you smell smoke?"

"It is probably smouldering grass somewhere," he returned, rising in his stirrups to get a better view. "There is no danger. They will see it from the fort and send for us."

They rode on in silence. It was his first prairie fire, and he had a vague idea that there must be some clear spot where they could break through in safety, but as the dusk grew deeper he caught a glimpse of low flashes of light here and there in the distance and halted again.

"There is no danger," he said. "But I think we had better turn back to be sure."

She obeyed and urged her horse faster. Ainslee wondered desperately whether they could make the quarries before that line of smoke and flame swept over them, whether the horses would hold out, whether she would faint when she realized the truth, whether they would send from the fort, wondering fifty things at once and, most of all, whether she loved him.

As the red bluffs loomed ahead in the gloom, the smoke grew denser and the horses staggered blindly. Ainslee dismounted and held out his arms.

"We shall have to run for it," he said. "The horses will make their way without us."

She laid her hand in his and they run like children down the slope of the creek bed. At the bottom she

AINSLEE AND ESTELLE RODE LEISURELY ON.

slipped on a rolling rock and he caught her in his arms. The cloud of dark genii shapes were closing in on them, and with one last glance over his shoulder he held her close to him and struggled up the bluff towards a cave near the summit. By the time he reached it the first scorching blast of fire was licking up the tall, yellow grass of the creek bed. With a low, crackling roar it swept across, and broke helplessly, like a beast of prey, on the lower face of the pipestone barrier, then parted and moved on like the divided currents of a river.

* * *

We followed in the wake of the fire. At the first alarm Burton headed a rescue party for the southerly wind which saved the fort from destruction blew the whole force of the flames northward, and we knew it would catch them somewhere. The only thing of interest that the fire left was a half-burned Indian quirt near the starting line, and Burton hid it from sight until a month later, when Ainslee and his bride went east on their wedding trip. It was Sun Fire's, but some way we did not blame her.

Good-Sized Centipede.

One of the largest centipedes ever found in the Indian territory was killed by a jeweler near Broken Arrow, reports the Kansas City Journal. He and a party of friends visited Mount Dickinson and while prodding under a large stone for a rattlesnake found the monster centipede. It measures a little more than seven inches in length and has something over 200 legs with a stinger in each leg. An enterprising druggist has preserved the insect in alcohol and will send it to the St. Louis exposition.

Culinary Note.

At Odessa, Mo., Sheriff Hamm and Deputy Sheriff Bacon are rivals for the hand of Miss Fry. Bets are even, says the Denver Post, as to which will land in the matrimonial skillet.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

Plenty of Sunshine and Scattered Showers But More Rain Is Needed—Wheat Yield Light.

Columbia, Mo., July 14.—The United States department of agriculture, climate and crop bulletin of the weather bureau, Missouri section, for the week ending July 13, 1903, says:

The mean temperature of the past week was considerably above the normal throughout the state, and there was a high percentage of sunshine. Scattered showers fell on the 10th and 11th, and in some localities the rainfall exceeded one inch, but over much the greater portion of the state it was very light. Good showers are much needed in nearly all sections.

Corn is generally making a rapid growth, but in most sections is needing rain, and in some districts it will soon be injured should dry weather continue. A large portion of the crop has been laid by and the earliest is tasseling. In some districts there is complaint that it is tasseling low. Replanted corn on overflowed lands is growing nicely, except in some localities where the ground is cloddy and dry.

The weather has been exceptionally favorable for harvest and haying and work has progressed rapidly. Wheat is practically all cut and much of it has been stacked. Threshing is in progress in all sections and the yield is generally light, except in some of the central and northern counties. Many correspondents in the southern sections report a yield of only two to six bushels per acre. Oat harvest is progressing rapidly, and while a good yield is reported in many counties, in some the crop has been greatly damaged by rust and lice. Except in a few localities a heavy crop of timothy hay is being secured in excellent condition, although there is considerably complaint that it is quite weedy.

Pastures continue in good condition, as a rule, but are needing rain.

Cotton, in the southeastern counties, is growing rapidly and is beginning to bloom.

Melons are late, but are now doing well in Butler, Dunklin and Scott counties, though needing rain in localities. Cantaloupes are doing well in Howell county.

Flax has improved in Bates county, and some will be cut this week.

Tobacco is looking fine in Putnam county.

Gardens are generally doing well, but need rain. Potatoes are also needing rain in some districts.

Apples are still dropping considerably in localities.

Blackberries are ripening and are being injured to some extent by the hot sun and dry weather.

A. E. HACKETT,
Section Director.

POWDER MILL WRECKED.

Loss of Life and Property as the Result of Terrible Explosion—Caused by Friction.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 14.—Three men killed and two seriously hurt, together with three buildings destroyed, is the result of an explosion at the Laflin powder works at Laflin, Pa., Monday afternoon. The force of the explosion shook every house in the town of Laflin.

The dead:

Alexander Moore, 45 years old, died from burns.

Joseph Gray, 50, blown to pieces.

Arthur Gray, 23, son of Joseph Gray.

The injured:

Thomas Haines and Josiah Twist.

There were three building, each about one hundred feet from the other. The explosion occurred in what is called the press, in which the powder was compressed into a solid mass.

The men killed were in the press mill at the time of the explosion, and no one could tell what caused it, though there is the theory that it was caused by friction of some of the machinery. The three buildings were demolished, and the engine and boiler room, situated a long distance away from the scene of the explosion, also were wrecked.

The bodies of Moore and Arthur Gray were found buried under the debris and were badly burned. Joseph Gray was found 200 feet from the mill, his body literally blown to pieces, scattered here and there.

Strikers Settle Differences.

Chicago, July 14.—The 1,200 woodworkers employed in the bar fixture factories in Chicago, who went on strike ten days ago for a uniform wage of 25 and 28 cents an hour, will return to work Tuesday. The Woodworkers' Manufacturers' association acceded to the demands of the strikers.

Famous Old Racehorse Dead.

Lexington, Ky., July 14.—The former race horse and sire, Fonso, died, Sunday, at C. F. McMeekin's Oakwood stud. Fonso was 24 years old, by King Alfonso, dam Imp Weatherwith by Weatherbit. He won the Kentucky Derby in 1889, defeating Luke Blackburn.

MANAGING TIPSY HUSBAND.

Tears Are of Little Avail—A Case in Point Which Emphasizes This Truth.

I read recently, I think in your columns, but cannot now refer to it, a paragraph about woman's tears, which reminded me of the confession of a friend made to me many years ago. She was a bright, educated woman, prominent as a speaker and a writer on temperance, the wrongs of women and kindred topics.

She said to me that not a long time after her marriage, her husband came home one day slightly intoxicated. She had a "good cry" over it, and while neither said a word about it, they were both driven apart. It was not long until he came home a little more intoxicated than the first time, and she had another cry and the separation increased between them; and a third time with increased misery on her part.

MET HIM WITH THE SAME GREETING.

But, she had wisdom enough to see where that course would end. The end would be a drunken husband a wretched wife. So she determined to change her course. She did not have to wait long before he came home more intoxicated than ever. She was waiting for him and met him with the same greeting, the same endearments, the same caresses that she gave him when first married, and it took but two or three such greetings to have him come home for the last time intoxicated; and, she closed her statement with "Mr. Janney, while the tears of a woman may be a powerful argument with a stranger, they are gall and wormwood to the husband;" and truer words were never written or spoken.—John J. Janney, in Medical Talk.

DRUNKEN WOMAN'S DESPAIR.

Once a Victim of Her Thirst and Humiliated by Arrest, It Is Hard to Reform.

There is something terribly pathetic in the statement made by Matron Schmedding, at the Wayne county jail, Detroit, the other day. Speaking of woman drunkards, she said:

"When a woman hears the cell door clang behind her because of drunkenness, the chances are overwhelming that she will come back rather than reform.

"The unhappy woman who comes here through other causes may weep softly, vow to live better, and on her release go away to a life thereafter free from sin, but for her enslaved through drink there is little hope.

"She may spend her durance behind iron bars in cursing the demon that mastered her and vowing to shake off its hold, but, once free, her troubles lead her to the bottle again and again, and we become familiar with her face as a regular time-server, until one day the ambulance instead of the patrol wagon answers the officer's summons, and she goes to fill a pauper's grave."

Yet all indications point to an increase of intemperance among women.

Saloons Ruin Manhood.

To have "free and intelligent men" a country must grow them; and you can no more do that while the men and boys are exposed to the seducements of open saloons, and the devices resorted to by the liquor traffic to create appetite for strong drink, then you can rear and preserve the life of sheep when your flock is exposed to sheep-killing dogs and prowling wolves. The saloons and the legalized rum trade are the dogs and prowling wolves of hell to drag down and destroy our innocent boys and young men; and how effectually they do their work is seen in the records of our police and criminal courts and in the many murders of helpless wives and children, killed by husbands and fathers while crazed with beer and whisky, as reported in the daily papers.—Religious Telescope.

BEER CAUSES CANCER.

The Striking Conclusions Reached by Dr. Alfred Wolff as a Result of Careful Study.

The increase of cancer is the subject of a remarkable article by Dr. Alfred Wolff in the June number of the Nineteenth Century.

First in order of importance he places the alarming increase in the number of deaths from this malignant scourge. This is a table which tells its own grim story:

	Death rate per 1,000 living. 1890.	1900.
Ireland	46	61
Prussia	65	81
Holland	79	91
Norway	61	84

In England and Wales in 1900 the death rate from cancer per 100,000 was 82.8. Dealing with the causes which make for cancer, Dr. Wolff reaches some amazing conclusions. All the districts where there is a high cancer mortality, he finds, are districts in which beer or cider is largely consumed. In Bavaria, which heads the cancer list in Germany, more beer is consumed per head than in any state in the world. In France in beer-drinking districts the cancer mortality rate is high; in the wine-drinking districts it is low.

Another striking conclusion is that the districts covered with woods and forests conduce to cancer.

The northeastern departments of France, the states of Bavaria and Baden in Germany, the provinces of Salzburg and Tyrol in Austria—all heavy cancer districts—are the most thickly wooded portions of those countries.

Some races are more subject to cancer than others, Dr. Wolff declares. Peoples of Scandinavian or Teutonic origin are susceptible to it, while those of Celtic or Slavonic origin have an exceptionally low mortality in this respect. Does this tend to the theory that cancer is hereditary? asks Dr. Wolff. He thinks not, and adopts this negative attitude as a result of study of American death statistics, where the conditions he has found in Europeans at home are frequently totally reversed.

He has much to say of the contagious character of cancer, quoting the experiences of Dr. Arnaudet, who made a study of the disease in his own village of Cormeilles, in Normandy. In Cormeilles, in a street of 54 houses, 17 had furnished no fewer than 21 cases of cancer. In another village there were three or four deaths from cancer found every year, while a group of three houses had supplied five cases in four years.

Cases of cancer communicated between husband and wife are referred to, and it is stated that very high rates prevail among servants and nurses, people who are likely to be brought into close touch with cancer patients.

Examining his main points in closer detail, Dr. Wolff suggests that the increase of cancer has some direct relation to increased consumption of beer. He has no convincing explanation to offer of the cause of this, but he thinks it may be traced to the entrance of something through the water from which beer is made, or perhaps from the malt itself.

With reference to the connection between cancer and wooded districts, it is pointed out that while Sussex, Warwickshire, and Devonshire, well-wooded counties, have an alarming number of cancer deaths, the bare lands of the Black country are well toward the bottom of the list.

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

Repentance is better late than never, but just as well never as too late.

He who would regulate the saloon should first try to regulate Mount Sinai.

You cannot legislate a sinner into a saint, but a saint can so legislate as to make himself a sinner.

Thunder storms purify the air, but a burst of righteous indignation never was known to purify a saloon.

Good laws cannot always make good people, but good people ought always to make good laws.

The further down you can drive the saloon, the further away you remove temptation from those who work in high places.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and the dunkard's wife is married to trouble, as sure as saloons drag downward.

Better to be seen in a small company of those who try to do right than to be hid among a company of wrongdoers.

Mixing politics with religion is not good, but religion is a good thing to mix with politics, especially if the religion be good and the politics bad.—National Advocate.

Must Not Smoke Cigarettes.

Instructions positively forbidding the use of cigarettes by those employed in the passenger service of the New York division of the Reading railroad have been issued by the company. Dismissal from the employ of the road is the penalty for failure to obey the mandate. "It is not safe to trust the lives of passengers in the hands of men who smoke cigarettes," is the only explanation given.